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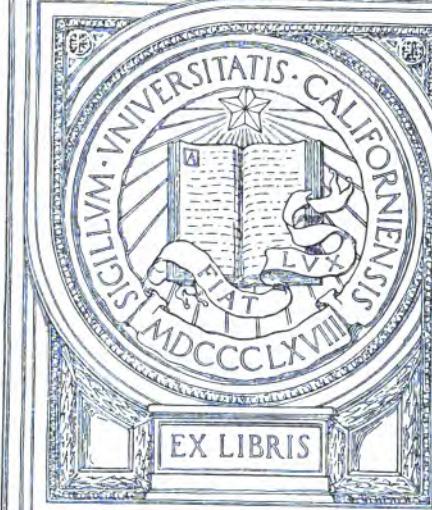
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GIFT OF
Mary E. Stockle



JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

THE RECORD
OF A COLLEGE
FRESHMAN



By FRANKLIN CUMMINGS



Lift of the Yacht.

(C)



"..... She sed at fullest hite,
'I do not care to danse to-nite!'"

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

THE RECORD
OF A COLLEGE
FRESHMAN

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME



By FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

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BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
LEDERER, STREET & ZEUS CO.
1918

TO MARY
ADAMSON

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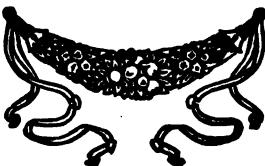
Gift of
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To
Merlin C. Hooper
Johnnie's Best Friend.

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JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

FRESHMAN RUBS

Dere fokes, I got here all O. K.
 But wisht I mite go back today,
 For Kollidge don't agree with me,
 This fact alreddy I can see.
 Nobuddy waz with awe struck dumm,
 That I into their midst had cum.
 They only laff when I go by,
 And sum of the fellers seem to lie
 In wait to make me oft perform
 For them. I seem to have took by
 storm

The Soffymores who are kwite proud
 To show me off before the crowd.
 And so whenever I step out,
 They swoop upon me with a shout,
 And lead me where the world mite see,
 And poke my ribs with feendish glee.
 When I got here I wore thet hat
 Of Granpa Sizer's, and just for that,
 They pounced on me and hollered,
 "Who

Let this escape from out the Zoo?"
 With dignity I sed, "Be off,"
 Whereby the leader did mildly scoff
 In apology but sed, "On, on,
 With the merriment." This wazz the
 dawn
 Of my kollidge life. They led me
 where
 Five thouzand peopple with eagre air
 Awaited my advent, kruel, grim,
 Reddy to tear me limm from limm.
 Then the leader sed, "Remove your
 cote,
 And we'll do our best to get your
 gote."
 I had on the blowze you made me,
 maw,
 And the sleevelets that I got from
 paw.
 The purple wuns with the ribbins at-
 tached,
 The goods that waz used when your
 garters waz patched.
 This luminary site did fill

My captors with desire to kill,
 They turned my cote sleeves wrong-
 side in,
 The way they abuzed me waz a sin.
 My shirt tales in the air hung loose,
 I flapped them gently like a goose.
 And then they nabbed another guy,
 Whoозe journey in their path did lie,
 A little feller, short and fat,
 Who buzzed aroun' just like a nat,
 They put us on a line together
 And sed, "Now, Butter Ball and
 Fether,

Deside by racing which shall go
 Into the Kem. Pond's slimy floe."
 So eagre waz I, I lost my hed,
 And started before the word waz sed,
 Whereby they giv' me a handycapp,
 Az well az a harsh reproovin' rap.
 But just the same I set the pace,
 Determint that I shud win the race.
 The fellers formed a double line,
 Which waz to me a omminus sine.
 And when we run the gantlet throo,
 A ringing stinging feeling grew,
 Where they had paddled az we passed
 To make us cut the wind more fast.
 Six times we lapped the oval plot,
 And now I gasped and felt kwite hot,
 My kollegue waz two laps behind,
 And grinned az if he didn't mind.
 Fin'ly I stopped for want of breth,
 And felt that twud be certin deth,
 But then a Frosh with a cap on came,
 And saved the honner of my name.
 I slunk away in the cheering throng,
 Feeling that I waz did a wrong.
 And now I breathless live for fear
 Sich eppisoads all throo the year
 Will happen. O I wisht that I
 Back in my attick cot cud lie.
 I'll write to you agen next week,
 When of futchur events like theze I'll
 speek.

Good by, my family, ev'ry wun,
 I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE FRESHMAN RALLY

Dere Pa and Ma and Sister Sue,
And Uncle Tad and Heinie, too,
I wisht that you waz here last nite,
There cum nere beein' a pitch-in fite.
Those ornery Sophs. thot they wuz
smart,
But we had dun our durndest part,
And when they yelled, "Bring on
more wood,"
By blud just biled, I cud hav stood
And nocked their heds cleen off their
nex,
And Heinie noze I'm hard to vex.
It cum about in the Greek Theeayter,
The fire wuz wuss than any equayter,
And, God, ma, how I biled and swet,
My underware wuz ringing wet.
Those durned fool Sophs. kept holler-
ing "More,"
And that sure made us Freshmen sore.
We cud have fott and licked them, too,
We all waz in just sich a stew.
But we done rite and let 'em be,
But next time, jist you wait and see.
An ole man with a beard spoke,
And all my patritizm awoke,
I wisht that you had bin there, paw,
To hear him tell about the "wah."

When he had dun, he made us rize,
And sing our anthem to the skies,
My throte with feelin' seemed to
choke,
And as I sung, my durned voice broke,
And then a lot of banjoes played.
My feelin's now with joy wuz swayed.
I cud have hollered rite out lowd,
But there wuz sich a durned big
crowd,
I wisht my clarinets wud cum,
I'd show them how to make things
hum.
The fire wuz low and all wuz dun,
We sure had had a heep of fun,
And then we did the serpent green,
It wuz a site wurth beein' seen.
And when we'd sung "All Fail," we
lef'
And marched away to muffled step.
I'm feelin' fine and lookin' pert,
I wisht you'd send me my other shirt,
And an extry sute of underware,
Just so I'll hav it round to spare.
Goodby, my family, ev'ry wun,
It's aite o'clock and I must run,
I am your ever effectshunate son,

JOHNNIE.

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

AT THE DANCE

Dere family, I am going to write
 About the danse that waz last nite.
 I brushed my Sunday Meetin' best,
 And let my good looks do the rest.
 I took the girl that lives next dore,
 At dansing she iz awful pore,
 I cudn't get her ennywhere,
 And Lordy, how the men did stare.
 We reeched the Jim at quarter tew
 aite,
 And I wuz afeard that we'd be late.
 But we wuz there in plenty of time,
 The ball begun at haff past nine,
 My dame and me cud not keep step,
 I feared she'd spile my soshial rep.
 And so I left her on a chair
 And went outside to get sum air.
 When I cum back I saw a laydy
 That beat all holler my pore Sadie,
 So I up and sed, "How do you do?"
 She ansered coldly, "Who are you?"
 I smiled my best and told my name,
 And sed she waz a classy dame,
 To which she sed at fullest hite,
 "I do not care to danse to-nite."
 Seein' a womun settin' out,
 With double chins and sorter stout,
 Who hankered for the look of pants,
 I up and sed, "Come on, let's danse."
 And so I carried her around,
 And made believe she wayed wun
 pound,

She nesseled up, I held her tite,
 We made an awful party site,
 The only thing that made me cuss
 Was everybody bumpin' us,
 No sooner wud we start out gay
 Then some one wud obstruct our way.
 Of course it made me overhet
 And, Lordy! how I biled and swet,
 But still I had a real good time
 I'm for the wimmen and the wine.
 The stuff we drunk in paper cups
 Brought on a case of the hiccups,
 The liquid made my durned head
 swim
 At dancing I was sure all in.
 And so we left at haff past ten
 I wish we'd gone away fore then,
 For just as I was going out,
 Some fellow up and tried to spout.
 He took my last dime fer a tag
 And said perhaps I'd get the flag,
 But I was skeered I'd haff to speak
 And so I out and made a sneak,
 Oh, yes! The girl won't speek next
 door
 But I should worry ennymore.
 There ain't no use a bothering bout
 These feemales who expect to pout.
 Goodby, my family, ev'ry wun,
 It's aite o'clock and I must run,
 I am your Ever Effectshunate son,

JOHNNIE.

SLINGING HASH

Dere Family: I am going to work,
 Nobody shuld his dooty shirk
 In times like these when we're at war
 And everything's gone up so far.
 Sence I'm too young to join the row
 And ma don't want me to, nohow,
 I guess I'll help in other ways,
 You can't my patrictism faze.
 I've got a job at slinging hash,
 Already I have made a mash.
 The wimmin live on Channing way,
 I serve two meals for them each day,
 And in return I get my board
 And five big dollars for my hoard.
 I wear an apron pure and white,
 Between times I can take a bite
 Out in the pantry where I keep
 Myself when they've begun to eat.
 I have to strain my ears a bit
 To catch the flow of steddy wit
 That rolls off forty-seven tungs
 And gasps from forty-seven lungs.
 I hand it to those wimmin foke
 At speech they've got all reckerd
 broke.
 There's some that's talking every min-
 nit,
 The others never could be in it
 If they kept quiet, so they shout
 For fear that they will be left out.
 A great thing is the gift of gab,
 But I don't see how they keep tab
 Of what the others all are saying
 When they themselves are likewise
 braying!
 The wimmin talk of many things—
 The fat one always lafter brings;
 She's real good-natured and don't mind
 When to her size they're so unkind.

There's one girl who gets many
 chances
 By telephone to go to dances.
 She's got dark hair and real blue eyes,
 And as to men she's awful wise.
 The fone keeps ringing all the time,
 "Now, if you'd have to pay a dime
 Whenever you receive a call
 Perhaps it wud be best for all."
 Thus spoke the housemarm with a
 smile,
 But most of them it seemed to rile.
 "That wud be fun and then cud we
 Enjoy our meat and sip our tea."
 It was the fattish girl who spoke,
 But only anger she awoke.
 "The idea of such an absurd thing,"
 The vampire sed, and then a ring
 Called her again and as she went
 Her anger all in smiles was spent.
 When they had done they up and
 sung,
 My heart in sympathy was wrung.
 "We'll love thee, dear sorority,"
 The words come from the minority.
 The rest played with their napkin
 rings
 And said at last the unsaid things.
 I like these wimmin. They inspire
 My soul to long for things much
 higher.
 Now this is all that I can tell
 Today as I don't know them well.
 But next time in my home-bound
 letter
 I ott to know them whole lots better.
 Goodby, my family, every wun,
 It's aite o'clock and I must run.
 I am your ever effectionate son,

JOHNNIE.

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

SKULL AND KEYS

Dere Family: Ask me "Who are we?"
 Then anser, "Loyal Skull and Key."
 They had their running yesterday,
 So-called 'cause wimmin run that way.
 These wimmin can't run fast enuff,
 They're crazy about that kind of stuff.
 That morning fair each neofite
 Wuz up and movin', early and brite.
 They had them dressed in funny
 clothes,
 And made them ware bright kolored
 hose.

At noon they gave the dames a treat
 By servin' them their bread and meat.
 They bust in on us with much noise
 And most disturbed the house marm's
 poys.

"We wish to wait upon your table." She sed, "We'll see if you are able." And then they took my tray away And sed "You have a holliday." I stayed, tho, just to see the fun. The girls wuz gigglin' every one. For variety's sake they called on each And made them make a pretty speech, And then they had them danse and sing.

Their kapers sure did laffter bring. That afternoon at haff past three, Agen I saw the Skull and Key. The wimmin flocked out to Cal. Field, Their modesty was unreveeled. Pellanic let them go this year; They went with mingled hope and fear.

They hoped that 'twould be ruff and wild, And feared lest it be much too mild. It did one good to see them there In such a hushed expectent air. They squeezed each other in the knees, And laffed when in cum Skull and Keys. A saintly fellow led the throng— The man who never did no wrong.

Then cum a cave man big and ruff, The wimmin couldn't clap enuff. There were some fellows dressed as wimmin, The kind that like to go in swimmin, The first act showed them sound asleep, Their nighties tucked about their feet; And then they up and, if you please, Their nighties went up to their knees. My feelings shocked, I turned my hed, And blushed with shame and wud have fled, But the wimmin showed no signs of leavin, And so I stayed, my shocked sole grievin.

These Alpha Fleas, for it was they, Then hurried out to break the day, By tripping forth to where the Pool Before them lay so green and cool. In nature's garb they splashed around And, strange to say, remained undrowned.

Then Si, the swimmin man, awoke With fear and rage he almost choke. The rest of the show was just as bad, The wimmin's laffter made me sad. They had one act which was riskay And afterwards they tried to say That Skull and Keys knew naught of it,

But ennyway it made the hit. Where I with shame cud most have died,

The wimmin looked most satisfied. That nite their interest knew no death—

They talked of it in bated breath, And prayed to God on bended knees To bless and care for Skull and Keys. The clock strikes aite and I'll be late, And so no longer can I wait. Goodby, my family, every wun. I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

:: JOHNIE'S LETTERS HOME ::

THE PAJAMARINO

Dere fokes, last nite the fire burned
brite,
Its flames rose up to quite a hite.
The Greek wuz filled up everywhere,
The feemale world had gathered there,
To watch with fond unmixed deelite
The men dressed in their robes of nite.
Sence I sleep in my underwear,
I didn't think that it wuz fare
That all the men pajamas wore,
I cud with anger most have swore.
It seems the housemarm where I work
Is feared lest ther're burglars lurk
Around and so she made a plan
To make them think she wuz a man.
Whereby no nite gown does she ware,
But of pajamas dons a pair.
I borrowed them for Thursday nite,
Their ample folds waz none too tite,
But I should worry ennyway,
For wurryin' makes the head turn
gray.
The rally beat most enny show
That ever I have chanced to know.
My soal wuz all aglow with zest,
In everything I done my best.
I yelled and hollered awful loud,
And of my singin' I wuz proud.
Of all the many golden throtes,
Not enny beat my heavenbound notes.
Amusement 'twas not ours to hunt,
Each class put on a komic stunt.
The freshmen's pellican did yawn,
And layed eggs rite upon the lawn
Wher I wud never dare to lie,

Because the sophs. wud wunder why.
The sophomore stunt wuz awful pore,
Sum fire works and nothing more.
The joonior stunt wuz sure a peach,
It represented Neptune Beach,
Where all the plump goodlooking
wimmin
Layed in the sand and went in swim-
min',
Ther wuz one fat one in the brine,
To see whose size wuz worth a dime.
An organ grinder, too, wuz there,
The monkey sort of worse for wear.
The senior stunt wuz dignified,
My fervent heart swole up with pride.
Four ununiforms great cheers brung,
As on the theatre wall they sung.
The wind wuz playin' in the trees,
And caught Old Glory to the breeze.
It wuz a most inspiring site
And woke our national pride that nite.
A lot of other things took place,
For which I haven't any space.
The music wuz that syncopated
Stuff that makes you animated.
The songs were qute and funny too,
The speeches short and sweet and few.
And now I must at my first chance,
Put back my dere housemarm's pants,
Else she will think a burgler sure
Is lurking round her bewdoir door.
Goodby, my family, every wun,
The clock has struck and I must run.
I am your Ever Effectuation Son,

JOHNIE.

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

JUNIOR FARCE TRYOUTS

Dere fokes, there's going to be a play,
 Thats held each yere on Joonior Day.
 If I had had an earlier start
 I think I'd take the leading part,
 But sense its Jooniors they desire,
 I'll quench my hot dramattic fire.
 But just the same its reel amusing
 To hear them Drama's art abusing.
 I passed the Ark, this afternoon
 Some guy was spouting like a loon,
 Attracted by the sound I went
 Inside and half an hour spent.
 There, clustered round the dredded
 dore,
 Were torty wimmin, maybe more.
 One poor lone tellow kept the peace
 And soothed them like so many geese.
 He held a blue book in his hand
 And tried their pressure to withstand
 By telling them that soon the dore
 Wud open to let in some more.
 And then we felt the building shake
 And all the world begin to quake.
 All followed by a roaring sound
 Which seemed to rumble from the
 ground.
 Our beating hearts with fear wuz
 chilled
 Our minds with strange forebodings
 filled.
 The wimmin shrieked and clung to
 gether
 The Lone Man paled and blamed the
 wether.
 The dore flew open, out there came,
 A youth, (I do not know his name),
 Wild eyed, hot cheeked, dishovelled
 hair,

A panther coming from his lair.
 Here wuz the cause of all our fear
 Alive and reely walking neer,
 Here wuz our earthquake if you please,
 Hed'd merely fallen on his nees
 And stabbed hisself within his heart
 To show his true dramattic art.
 The wimmin who had clamered most
 Were now afraid to leave their post.
 They argued who would go in next,
 The Lone Man pleaded, almost vexed.
 At last one bolder than the rest
 Announced that she wud do her best,
 And as she quaking entered first
 She sed, "I'm reddy for the wurst."
 She madly clutched in one firm hand
 A paper which she often scanned.
 We lissened and her voice was low,
 The paper trembled to and fro.
 She red each word although she sed
 She'd memorized it in her hed.
 A fat girl followed her, who spoke,
 Her voice with feeling almost broke.
 "Ha. Villain, draw now, yield or die!"
 Her fattish form rose up reel high,
 Her voice soared up in tragic tones
 And made me think of skulls and
 bones.
 And so I let them fight it out,
 To see who cud most nobly spout.
 I think I'll go to see this play
 When it cum off on Joonior Day,
 For I wud really quite adore
 To see them act the fool some more.
 Goodby, my family, every wun.
 I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE RECEPTION

Dere family, I'm a social bud,
Excitements tingling in my blud;
I've mingled with the very best
And think I made a stunning gest.
This is the way it cum about
My abilities I never dout.
The fat girl where I work told me
That I a kweener ott to be.
I sed, "Come, tell me little wun,
What I can do to start the fun."
She spoke, her words wuz grave and
slow,
"To the recepshun you must go.
It's best to go from four to six
And then you will avoid the fix
Of full dress clothes and Stetson hat,"
(I thanked the Lord at least, for that).
And so, all dyked out in my best,
I wuz all ready for the test.
At four o'clock I rung the bell
It sounded like a tolling knell.
A young dame met me at the dore,
And looked reel dubious, to be sure,
But just the same I entered in
And looked around with sheepish grin.
I thought I'd entered Fairy bowers
The place wuz full of gauze and flow-
ers,
The wimmin wuz like fairies dressed,
By candel lite they looked their best.
They flicted everywhere, so sweet,
I hoped there wud be things to eat.
And then I past down a long line
And watched the Freshmen's heds incline

A littel as I onward came
And heard them misconstrue my name.
I sed to each, "It's plesent wether,
For us to make Debews together."
There wuz one there that I cud tell
Wuz going to be a campus belle.
But as for that they all wuz fine
Rite down the whole ding-busted line.
And after that I stood around
Until the eats wuz finally found.
Some lady brought me up some cake,
'Twuz good but made my stummick
ake.

Another brot sum razberry ice,
And smiled and spoke to me reel nice.
And so the hours whiled away,
I stayed until the close of day.
At six o'clock the setting sun
Set on my social dooties done.
The first to cum, the last to go,
I'd done my part from hed to toe.
And when I passed outside the dore,
I'd eaten fore times, maybe more.
I guess I shud have went that nite
Agen, the sisters to delite,
But felt that I had done my part,
So cammed the yearnings in my heart.
I like recepshuns and such things
For there my soal with pleasure sings.
I think I always will attend,
My time with gauze and silks to spend.
In the home town paper put my name
And tell about my soshial fame.
Goodby, my family, every wun,
I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

PIPING THE FLIGHT

Dere family, I am proud to say
 I'm better looking every day,
 When I look in the looking glass,
 Which I always do whenever I pass,
 I see the handsome look of youth,
 My mirror always tells the truth.
 The wimmin where I work do smile
 And speak real gracious, once in a
 while.

I think the ones across the street
 Are jealous cause they cannot eat
 With me around, but just the same,
 I let them help to spread my fame.
 They have a Joonier over there
 Who's pretty tall and passing fair,
 She's literary, in a way,
 And writes Dramaticks up each day.
 She says that acting I shud try
 Because my looks wud get me by.
 Each afternoon I wet the grass
 And watch the different wimmin pass.
 A lot live up on Channing way
 I see them pass in herds each day.
 And now I've really cum to know
 Just how to pipe the passing show.
 There's sum that cum way down the
 line,

Who mentally are very fine.
 I think Hell's deemons they cud cure
 Their faces are so meek and pure.
 I feel ashamed when they're around
 And avert my eyes and watch the
 ground,
 And dig my toe rite in the lawn,
 And wonder why God had me bawn,
 The wurld being bad enuff alreddy
 And I so sinful and onstiddy.
 But those from out the big stone paliss
 Don't seem to bear me any malice;
 I love to watch them as they pass
 I hand them everything for class.
 Their freshmen bat a hundred per cent

For studying they wuzz never ment,
 There's one, a goddess, tall, divine,
 Delitful shivers mount my spine,
 When she goes by. I cud adore
 To look at her forevermore.
 And then the ones across the street
 Are also fine, but indiscreet
 At telling time of day, I'm told,
 In gathering new ones for their fold.
 And still I don't blame them for this,
 When it's an erly hit, or miss.
 But where I work, I love it most,
 And of my wimmin always boast,
 Espechully of the dark-haired wun,
 Who has all men beneath the sun,
 Rite at her feet and wanting to marry,
 And pleading that she will not tarry.
 I, too, with her wud like to mate
 And wouldn't mind an erly date.
 One day when I wuz wetting the grass
 I saw her leave the house and pass
 Before me with a lovely smile
 For which most men wud run a mile.
 I watched her walk in fond effection
 And turned my hozz the wrong direc-
 tion,

It chanced a sweet soal up the line
 Was passing at that very time.
 Because a wetting she received,
 She looked reel hurt and almost
 peev'd.
 I blushed with shame and hung my
 hed,
 She looked her thoughts, but nothing
 sed.
 I love to watch the wimmin pass
 As I stand out and wet the grass.
 So God please keep the rains away
 And bless them all on Channing way.
 And now its time for me to run,
 I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE OPERA

Dere fokes, I am a Operra lover,
And henceforth I shall always huvver
Around when there are music shows,
My enthusiazm to disclose.
Last nite to Oakland I did go,
To see the Treble Clef's big show,
I kweened a wuman who wuz nice
And to the evening added spice.
Because the distance wuz so far,
We had to ride there on a car;
Such luxuries wuzn't ment for me
But then I had this gal, you see.
Our setes wuz in the second row
From whence we clearly saw the show.
I had a bag of peppermints
For I'm a guy that never stints
On sich occasions, Goodness no;
On all sides I hand out my dough.
The show begun a little late,
The kurtain seemed to hesitate,
But when it rose, whut did we see
But a big ship rolling on the sea.
Of course it took no second hints
To make me lay off the peppermints,
And even so I squeamish felt
And rubbed the regions 'round my belt.
I prayed as painfully I waited,
"Oh, God, don't make me nawsiated,"
I tried my best those kwalms to chase,
And bear the ordeal with good grace.
And then a flock of wimmin came
And saved the luster of my name.
They sang and danced and looked real
pert,
As all their charms they did assert.
But wun among them got seasick
Agen my stummick commenced to
prick,
I thot I wud my dame disgrace,
But wuz skeart to move, so kept my
place.

At last the hero entered in—
A red-haired guy with a happy grin.
He sed that he wuz off the girls
But when he saw that row of perls,
That gleamed frum out Narkisser's
mouth,
I knew the plot of "Thirteen South."
Narkisser wuz a spritely dame.
She's erly won her way to fame.
The Klappers sat down front and
cheered
And klapped real loud when she ap-
peared.
There wuz a stewardess on the ship
Both strong of arm and big of hip,
Who took a lot of exercise,
In hopes she might reduce in size.
A fashion plate wuz also there,
I marveled at whut she didn't ware,
But when the ship wuz safely sunk
And of the salty brine they'd drunk,
And had safely reached a cannibal ile,
To be eaten by royalty after while.
The native maidens in scanty attire,
Appeared, to set my soal on fire,
Their soope forms and dusty eyes,
Transported me to Paradize.
The gambler and the stowaway
On them fond looks did also lay.
The seasick woman with fear wuz
filled,
That she and the others wud all be
killed.
And then the stowaway solved the
solution
And saved the day by a revolution.
And then a white sail did they spy,
A welcum ship cum rolling by;
And so all troubles now suspended,
The lovers kissed and all wuz ended.
The authors sat rite back of me

::: JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME :::

I shook their hands in joyful glee
And told them how I'd liked their
opera
Especially the part that wuz improper;
At which they smiled and looked real
glad,
That I a good time there had had.

I got to bed at wun o'clock
And slumbered like a hevvy rock,
I dreamed of all those purty girls,
Their forms, their eyes, their rows of
pearls.
And now it's late and I must run,
I am your Ever Effectuation Son,
JOHNNIE.



FOOTBALL AND NELLIE

Dere fokes, tomorrow comes the Game,
I hope our luck will be the same
As on last Satterday when we beat
The Oregon Aggies off their feet.
We are all reddy for the fray,
Our fiteing team in strong array.
Coach Handy Smith has done his best
To fit them for the supreme test.
My blood is tingling for the fite
I can hardly wait jist over nite.
At first I thot I cudn't go,
I'd spent so much at the Oppera show,
For peppermints and street car fares
And things which cum up unawares.
I laid awake at nites and thot,
My joyless feelings wracked and
wroot.
And finally one nite in a dream
There cum to me this well layed
skeem.
Next day I went, made my confession
And got me a job with a peanut con-
cession.
I'm also selling ice cream cones,
I'll shout their koolness in loud tones.
And so I'll get to see the Game
And get excited just the same
Az if I wore a rooter's cap
To feebly yell and mildly clap.
There'll be sum in the rooting section
For whom I won't have enny effection.
The kind that make a awful noise
When things go smoothly for our boys,

But who, when there ain't any luck,
(Which don't mean that there ain't no
pluck),
Can only show their gift of gab
In one long whining, skunklike crab.
Az if they'd have the nerve each day
To go out in a kwiet way
And get all battered up like hell,
When parlor snakes won't even yell
For them; it is a slacker's act
To crab, and yet it is a fact
That they will do it, sure as sin,
Shud unexpected snares begin.
And yet I am so sure we'll win,
I bet the oppel neckty pin
That Sis giv me two years ago
That Krismas when there wuz sum
snow.
Say, Ma, have we by chance enny kin,
Named Nellie, with a sliding chin?
She claims relationship with me,
And I'm as puzzled as can be.
I think she's nuts myself, but then
Sum wimmin fall so hard for men
That they must make them kinsfokes
nere
And hang on them and call them dere.
But I'll look out and take good keer
Of myself, so please, ma, don't you
fear.
Goodby, my family, every wun,
I am your Ever Effectuation Son,
JOHNNIE.

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

NATIONAL SERVICE

Dere fokes, I write with hevvy heart,
 I feel I haven't done my part
 About this war. In many ways
 I've wasted all these preshus days
 In actin' like a millionaire
 While they are fiteing over there.
 To think that I cud go to teas
 And shows and other things like these,
 And spend my money for ice cream
 kones
 When Europe is ailing with the groans
 Of dying soldiers. O to think
 That I cud sody water drink
 And visit movin' pitcher shows
 While they are fitein' against our foes.
 It ain't rite, God; no it ain't rite,
 That I shud tritter while they fite.
 I'm much ashamed, my konscience
 knows,
 To be a blooming soshial rose
 While they are going through hell and
 fire
 To raise the plain of freedom higher.
 About such things as these I worry
 And now I'm going to tell you a story
 About a man who cudn't fite
 Bekawse the Germans held him tite
 Within a dirty prison camp
 His mental powers to kill and kramp.
 He had sum clothes and bread to eat
 And broken shoes to hide his feet,
 But what he starved for wuzn't bread
 Or shoes or even a fether bed.
 He didn't mind the fizzickle pain
 But feared lest he mite go insane
 For lack of things to stir his mind
 Which is essential to mankind.
 It drives one nuts to see each day
 The same gray walls. The battle fray

At least gives akshun and a sense
 Of fiteing for a cawse immense,
 But in the prison kamps men die
 And no one even kwestions why.
 With neether folks nor comrades nere
 They die and no one sheds a tear.
 And those who live do live in vain
 For most of them will go insane.
 The man I'm telling you about
 Wuz desperet so he used to spout
 Out loud, and also figgers add
 To keep hisself from going mad.
 But then he grew to hate his voice
 And since there wasn't enny choice
 He sat and thought the live long day
 Az in his prison kamp he lay.
 At nite he used to shreek out loud
 And sob, his head now gray and
 bowed.

To save such men there is a way
 And so on Nashional Service Day
 I'm going to do my part and give
 All that I can, that they mite live.
 A magazine, a book or two
 Will often pull a sick man throo.
 'Tis hard to realize, but true,
 The miracles that books can do.
 So hencetorth, tho' I come to grief
 I'll give my all to War Relief,
 So to the bank I now must run.
 I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

P. S.—

In my enthusiasm I forgot to say
 We won the Game the other day,
 And so I have my necktie pin
 And the fellow's dollar who didn't win
 His bet. All these I'm going to give
 That over there the men may live.

THE BLUES

Dere fokes, I'm feelin' awful blew
But still I'm sure it wudn't do,
For me to linger on my sorrow
I know I always hate to borrow
The greefs of other peopple. So
I'l speek no further of my woe
Except to say that I wud give
Ten years of this life we live
To meet the Kizer face to face
With no one else around the place.
And then for God to give me strength
To stretch my arm back at full length
And hit him skwarely in the noze
And all his billious blood expoze.
To me it wud give plezure grim
To knock the stuffins out of him.
His blud thirst takes my friends away,
Wun of them left this very day.
Kwite soon I'll be the only male
To listen to the wimmin's wail.
Oh, God, 'twud be a awful day
So end the war soon, pleze, I pray.
Sence they don't like my youthful look
In the army, I think I'll be a cook.
For that wud get me over there,
And may be I'd reech the Kizer's lair.
But now to turn to plezent things,
My landlady's dawter loudly sings
Both morning, evening, noon and nite,
She helps to drive us men to fite,
For Uncle Sam she does her bit
For men wud rather die than sit
Around and hear her high shrill notes
The kind that rize from feemale
throtes.

Another thing that makes me mad
Iz the way in which these wimmin are
clad.

Each time I see a brite pink swetter
I think, "Just one more shackled fetter,
For Freedom's cause. Just one more
soal

In France is friz for woman's toll."
The feemale speshees I know full well
And all their vises I can tell.
There iz wun kind, the baby type,
With fluffy hare and lips red rype,
Who hate the thot of sword and gun,
Bekawse they won't have so much fun.
These are the kind who sometimes
gnit

(But not a soldier's chest to fit).
Then there are those who hate the war
Bekawse it takes somé sweet hart far
Away. I like these wimmin better,
They mostly gnit the thick brown
swetter.

Then there are those who know no
wun

At war, who could even now have fun,
To whom all soldiers are their friends,
They use their time to noble ends—
Gnitting for men they never knew
Ruff men who vile tobakky chew.
These are the wimmin I admire
Their goodness sets my soal on fire.
I sed before that I wuz bleuw,
So will not longer bother you.
Goodby, dere family, every wun,
I am your Ever Effectuation Son,

JOHNNIE.

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

BAD COLDS

Dere fokes, I have a awful cold,
My noze is sumthing to behold,
Its red and tender to the touch,
From having had to blow it so much.
No sooner do I get through blowing
Than agen my noze iz overflowing.
Which makes it very irrytating
When one a letter is kreating.
I don't see why I caught this cold,
I just had had my shoes haff soled.
That it shud cum now iz tew funny,
Rite after spendin' out that money,
My shoes had holes in them for
munths,

And still I never sniffed wunce.
My handkercheef iz wringing wet,
But it I am a using yet.
I hang it on the lamp to dry
But still do fear I'll haff to buy
Another one to take its place
Sence I do need more blowin' space.
I went to bed this afternoon
And don't think I'll get up very soon.
The housemarm where I work does
spoil

Young people. She giv me castor oil
She says she makes the girls take sum,
When they are sick and feeling bum.
And also when they've nawty been
And forgot to keep their nites within
She holds their nozes and gives them
oil,

Which makes their wattery blood to
boil,

The fat girl also wuz verry nice
And offered me sum good advice.
She sed "Whenever your noze is red,
Of course you ott to go to bed,

If you don't look out, yourself you'll
kill,"

Sayin' which, she gave me a Kalamal
pill.

The dark-haired girl wuz feelin' fine,
And give me five grams of kwinine.
When I got home my landlady sed
"You seem to have cawt cold in your
hed."

In feeble protest I arose
And sed "It's mostly in my noze."
She sed "There's nuthin' so kwicky
halts

A cold az a good strong dose of salts."
I paled and even my noze turned
green,

I shrunk up like a ded sardine,
But she wuz firm and had her way
I drunk them down, and now I pray
"With all this medicine, oh God,
Please keep my hed abuv the sod."
This sure has been a tryin' week,
And now my noze and I don't speak,
For it is red and I am blue,
And colds disgust me throo and throo.
At nite it bothers me the most,
For tho with castor oil I'm dosed,
My hed gets stopped up on one side,
Where breething iz, of course, denide.
If I turn over in the nite,
Both sides get stopped up good and
tite,

And so my mouth takes in the air,
And I make funny sounds and swear.
I'm all stopped up now, if you please,
And so I'll give a final sneeze.
Goodby, dere family, every wun,
I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.



"She met the spilt pie unawares."

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

THE FAT GIRL

Dere fokes, the world and me don't jibe,
 To the fat girl I wud fain ascribe
 All manner of dire things big and small
 For she's the one who cawzed it all.
 I've been serving brekfusts there of late
 So that my purse wud add on wate.
 I knew the fat girl wuz kwite big,
 But when I saw her morning rig,
 I gasped and thanked the Lord that I
 Of flesh had much less a supply.
 She waddled in at quarter tew nine
 And sed "For wonce I'm down on time."
 Az in her chair she softly sunk
 Into mineyute partikkles I shrunk.
 Where before I thot three hundred pounds
 Wud take in all her whale like bounds
 I now knew that I'd reckoned low,
 For over nite she seemed to grow.
 At lunch she seems to korsets ware,
 She always has that hitched-up air.
 Now korsets sure are splendid geer
 To make fat wimmin thin appear,
 But far from kumfort-ble, I s'pose,
 In which one's fatness to repose.
 And so they only wear them when
 They are around where there be men.
 And so my fat girl wares a kimona
 (The one that Kitty Tubbs did loan her)
 In which her form has full expansion
 And holds one's undivided skanshun.
 Three chairs must needs her fat form greet
 Which creek when them and she do meet—

And when she's set down, full of pride,
 There's still some fat that hangs overside.
 She sed from out her seventh chin
 "I'm on a diet to get thin."
 She glanced down sourly at her legs
 And sed "Just bring me scrambled eggs
 And a bowl of mush and tosted korn flakes
 And some of the Heathen's lethery kakes
 And sum koffee" (and then she winked her eye)
 "Just slip me a slice of last nite's pie."
 This skimpy brekfust I did bring,
 And pitied much the pore little thing.
 But when I cum to bring her pie
 With sudden laffter I thot I'd die,
 And let the plate slip from my hand
 Which on the dirty floor did land.
 And then I chilled. All wuz a hush
 Except her taking in the mush.
 The pie lay in a gooey heap,
 I cudn't find a broom to sweep
 It up so left it there
 And hoped the fat girl wudn't care.
 But when she left to go upstairs
 She met the spilt pie unawares.
 With a mitey thud she hit the floor,
 And I flew out the nerest dore.
 She sets on cushions now, they say,
 And I'm not loved on Channing way,
 So fear I'll get my walking papers
 Bekawse of all these kweer kapers.
 Goodbye, dere folks, and pray that she
 Will never chanst to fall on me.
 And now its late and I must run,
 I am your Ever Effectuation Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE CURTAIN RAISER

Dere fokes, do you remember the play,
I wrote you wuz comin' on Joonior
Day?

Next Satterday at the T. and D.
This joonior play is going to be.
Now I shall be there, you may know,
Its going to be a pippin show.
There'll be two plays that afternoon,
And I shall be on hand kwite soon.
The first to greet the theayter gazer,
Will be the Nineteen Kurtin Razor.
I've seen them praktiss for the show,
And so about it all I knoe.
It calls for lots of purty girls,
The kind that grin and toss their
kurls.

The scene iz layed in a sorority house,
Where wun of the sisters elopes with
sum louse.
At least she thinks she will elope,
With her sweet hart by the hung-out
rope.

But unexpected things occur.
Which cawse her heart no little stir.
Now Moner (that's the sweet thing's
name),
Will shorely weep her way to fame,
In the Fin Alley where she sobs,
My hart just akes and brakes and
throbs.

But even a bigger tear I'll squeeze
For the pore little Freshman on his
knees.

The kwaking trembling Neofite,
Iz being initiated that nite.
To the sorority house the kid they've
sent,
His inward terrors to augment.
But before he reaches the dredded
place,

Sum ornery burgler shows his face,
And skeers the sisters haff to death
(The awediance here will hold its
breth).

One poor weak sister points a gun,
At which the others skreech and run,
More skeart of it than of the theef,
And then the housemarm comes with
grief,

And says, "This iz the Nearfight,
He's harmless and he dozen't bite."
But other sounds of burglars nere,
Agen fill up their harts with fear,
And so they call the campus cop,
And then who on the stage shud flop,
But Bertie Jones, the Nereflite,
A awful trembling pale green site.
Az thro the windoe he enters in,
The awedience iz supposed to grin.
The cop doze treet him pretty ruff,
The kid beeing small and far from
tuff.

And then who shud come sailing in,
But the lover (God knows where he's
bin).

Sweet Moner flvs to his embrace,
A broad grin creeps all over his face,
The way she smiles at him so glad,
Don't seem to make him the least bit
mad.

The plot iz far more complikated,
Than in these few words I have
stated.

But after all its happily ended,
The lovers' arms are titely blended,
And then there cumns the longer show,
About which you will later know,
Goodby, my family, ev'ry wun,
I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

HOOVERIZING

Dere fokes, what are we coming to,
 When people do the things they do,
 How one a hyperkrit can be,
 And still get by, I cannot see.
 And yet within our college throng,
 There's many who are akting wrong,
 They're peopple here with lots of
 money,
 Who think they're akting smart and
 funny,
 Bekawse they still rich things can buy,
 When there are places where men die
 From lack of warmth and lack of
 food,
 While here their comrades still get
 stewed,
 And ete inexpensive fattening things,
 The kind that indigestion brings.
 And tho the prices are soaring high,
 There still are wimmin who can buy,
 New dresses ev'ry week or so,
 That they admiring looks may knoe,
 From those few men that hang
 around,
 But not from me. A sheer well
 gowned,
 In times like these iz out of place,
 She needn't look me in the face.
 For I will wilt her then and there,
 In one long lingering frizzen stare.
 Then there are those who still can go
 To the Voracity ev'ry day or so,
 Since men wont take them ennymore,
 They say, "You cannot make us sore,"
 And go alone and ete and stuff,

And never knoe when they've had
 enuff.
 They always go to-gether Dutch,
 And of nut Sundays ete tew much.
 I knoe one girl (a sister weke),
 Who never can a sentence speek,
 Without referring to things to ete,
 To cold iskream with sirrup sweet,
 And choklitt malts and walnut fudge,
 From the Voracity her you cannot
 budge.
 I figured out the other day,
 That if one month she'd keep away,
 And to Releef the money give,
 Three babies and a haff wud live,
 In starving Belgium for a yere,
 Kept safe from Hunger's nawing fere.
 But she cud never do without,
 These things which tend to make you
 stout.
 However there are those who do,
 I'm proud to say (tho' they are few),
 They live high up on Ridge Rodeway,
 (Whence to the Pool they sumtimes
 stray).
 I've seen them pass the Voracity dore,
 And look, but keep strate to the fore.
 They send their well ernald mites to
 France
 The soldyure's kumfort to enhance.
 These kind of girls I love to knoe
 Az on their lovely paths they go.
 But now, dere folks, I too must go,
 In writing pleze don't be so slow.
 Goodby, dere family, every wun,
 I am your Ever Effectuation Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE JUNIOR PLAYS

Dere fokes, the Nineteen Joonier day
 Deserves to get a better bowkay
 Than the kritick with overly tender
 mind
 In the vulgar "low comedy" stuff cud
 find.
 Now as for me, I thot it funny
 And very much worth while my mon-
 ney,
 To see Mrs. Tubb in her bathing suit,
 The woman was doing her best to
 dilute
 Herself and so she didn't rush
 Away and hang her hed and blush.
 But let us view her ampu'l form,
 Which tuk the awedience by storm.
 The kritick with his sinnickle eye,
 His ere so sensitive, so shy,
 Kompletely failed to mentshun sum
 Of the fokes who helped to make
 things humm.
 In the Kurtain Razor he failed to see
 The brimming blue eyes of fair Mar-
 jorie,
 Az she gave her frend Enid a last
 farewell
 And eloped with the burglar. He
 didn't tell
 Of the sister who held the pistol tite
 When the burglar creped in in the
 dead of nite,
 And he didn't devote a single breth
 To the cop, who skeart the Freshman
 to death,
 Or the housemarm with her frizzled
 hair,

Or the little maid with the chubby air.
 In the "Medicine Man" he gave all
 glory
 To the overgrown woman of the story.
 Now Sweet Kitty Tubb had her form
 to help out,
 While other poor mortals who weren't
 so stout,
 Had to work awful hard and use
 many ways,
 To win from the awedience their
 small meed of praise.
 "Ruth Ruin," the nurse sure done her
 part well,
 And even the kritick her praises did
 tell,
 About the songster he was dumm,
 I guess she broke his ere drum.
 The skittish widow won my heart,
 And I am going to take her part,
 If I'd bin there she cud have had
 Me for her man and I'd been glad.
 Of her he wrote not, nor her beaugh,
 (The handy man, who wuz so slow),
 He plumb forgot the buggy man,
 Who after bugs and spirits ran,
 The worn out woman with the nerves,
 The French maid running round in
 curves,
 For these oblivion he wud have,
 But I will bring my healing salve,
 And paint anew their saddening faces,
 And save them from the shadowey
 places.
 The greatest krime he perpretrated,
 Iz still, dere family, to be stated.

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

The Wun who most held our atten-
shun,
The Bewtiful Wun received no men-
shun.
He passed her by without a word,
And this my feelings sure has stirred.
Pat Hayden knew that she wuz grand,
And luvely, he cud understand,
But kriticks, with their dry teckneek,
With such sweet things wuzn't ment
to speak.
Another thing to my mind now rizes.
Twuz when Kitty Tubb took her ex-
ercises,
He plumb forgot, az she danced her
jig,
How she danced too much and lost
her wig,
And another time he wuzn't aware,
That one of the girls had tipped in
her chair,
And balanced in mid air and most
cum to greef,

Perhaps these were all in his un-
written leaf.

But jist the same, the show got by,
And folks have praised it to the sky,
The authors sure can feel reel proud,
I wisht that God pore me had end-
dowed
With sum of the brains that they
have got,
I'd fire the world and make it hot.
I'm glad I saw the Joonier plays,
I'll think of them and laff, always.
But now, my lengthy discourse ended,
I hope our smympethies are blended,
May kampus Kriticks here take heed,
And may I never never read,
Agen the kind of stuff, I pray,
That in the Cal. I red to-day.
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry wun,
I am Your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.



A RAINY NIGHT

Dere fokes, last nite I kweening went,
Whereby my money all wuz spent,
Except ten cents which I did save
By using the koopons that they gave
At the Joonier Farce for the T. and
D.

That folks their pitchers mite go to
see.

It started off a lovely nite,
That moon wuz sure a pretty site,
I wore my new sute and my hat
And my black and yellow silk kra-
vatte,

And the brand new handkercheef
that I bawt.

When to stop my cold I vainly sawt,
And my purple socks and my under-
ware

And sum lilack water in my hair,
And my spotted vest and my gold
watch chain,

For I never knew it wuz going to rain.
My lady also looked her best,
In all her finery she wuz dressed,
She wore her big red hat and skirt,
And silk stockings and a pink lace
shirt,

One glove she karried in her hand,
The other being lost, I understand,
I sed, "You are a spritely Jane,"
She sed, "Do you think its going
to rain?"

I sed, "You needn't worry, kid,"
She sez, "Spose the tacksy kab shud
skid."

"Look here," I sed, "Cut out this
tawk,"

"You know darn well we're going to
walk."

She lamped me with a injured eye,
And sed, "If you're kross, I'm going
to kry,"

I sed "Come damsel, kan the noise,
Or else I'll lose my mental poyze."

She sed, "You are a funny feller,
You haint e'en brot me a umbreller,"
I feared to wet my brand new sute,
And so we took her bumbershoot.

Twuz pink and had a broken handel,
By mine it cudn't hold a candle,
But sence I'd left mine safe to hum,
When I in the rainy nite had cum,
I cudn't say so, but I smiled,

And even so my dame wuz riled.
The movies had a rotten show,
That nite, but still the steddy flow
Of konversation from my dame
Kept me from knoeing the sheepish

shame,
Of those who sleep and nod their
hed,
And make their pardners get reel
red.

When it wuz over we went outside,
And then I thought I wud have died,
For it wuz raining cats and dogs
And snakes and bugs and hopping
frogs,

I never seed it rain so hard,
And now our plezure sure wuz
marred.

The parasol opened, I most did choke
For two of its tender ribs wuz broke.
I held it to-gether the best I cud,

::

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

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But still it didn't akt the way it
shud,
We started out bravely in the rain,
I tried to hold it up over the Jane,
But she, ongrateful thing, did say,
"You always have things turned your
way."
It blew so hard, we had to stop
In the front dore of a baker shop,
The things in the window warmed
my heart,
But it slackened up, so we had to
start
Agen for home, and now afresh,
The rain pinitrated to our flesh.
My shoes wuz drenched with Heav-
en's tears,
That my sute wuz ruined I had grate
fears,
When we reached home at haff past
nine,
We both wuz reddy to hang on the
line.

The parrysawl wuz a pittifull wreck,
But reely I didn't care a speck,
My dame cawt her deth of cold, I
hear,
But I'll shed no tears at her bier,
I'm thinking of my sute and hat,
And socks and other things like that,
They've shrunk until they can't be
worn,
And I of my koverings now am
shorn,
I fear my soshial life iz ended,
For all my money iz expended,
So pleze be sure to send me sum,
Or else I'll have to stay to hum,
And live in my nitegown all the time,
And exist on my one poor mezely
dime.
Goodby, dere family, write and save
Your son from out a waterry grave.
I'm thinking of you, ev'ry wun,
I am your Ever Effectionate Sun,

JOHNNIE.



GOODBY

Dere fokes, I'll sune be home again,
And I'll have lots to tell you then.
About my kolledge life here spent,
My goodness, how the time has
went;

The hour to say "Goodby" is near,
The exes, will usher me out, I fear,
The melankolly days have cum,
The saddest of the yere. I'm glum
To think that they'll foretell the
doom

Of wun who did so brately bloom,
Espechully in Sosity,
I've gained much notoriety.

I've been a kweener, I'll admit,
With the wimmin I have made a hit.
The ummage that to me they've fed,
I fere did almost turn my hed,
But later there cum a Revellation,
It cum in the form of a starving
nation,

Sense then I've layed the wimmin
by,
And sharply hushed their playntif
kry,

Which rose when I sowt nobler ends,
Uv my previuss folly made amends.
I am a patriot now, and preech
My thouts to all those I kin reech,
I skeer the wimmin haff to deth,
Whenever I take a full deep breth,
And look with skorn at their brand
noo dresses,

At the Rhine stones in their frizzled
tresses.

When I enter the Voracity they
almost fly,

So skeart they are that they'll meet
my iye.

But on the hole they're fond uv me,
Most ev'ry day this fact I see,
When the war iz over agen I'll try
To play with the wimmen, by and
bye,

But things don't now look enny too
brite,

For an early end to the ornery Fite,
Eeach day there leeves a maskiline
face,
The kampus iz now wun dreery
place,

A few good guys still hang around,
But they, I fere, will not be found
Here long, except a few uv us
Who are too young to fite and kuss,
And others who have funny iyes
And are, perhaps, too small in size.
A grate big tear fills my iye,
When I cum round to saying "Good-
by."

No longer kan I go each day,
And do my bit on Channing Way,
No longer kan I spill mince pies,
And see fat girls from the goo
arise,

No longer kan I go to teas,
And with the wimmin feel at eze,
No more kan I buy peppermints,
And have my noze dun up in splints,
Wnen a Kold has cum to visit me,
And made for my wimmin a site to
see.

No longer kan I brave the rain,
(Thank God I'll not do this again),
It brakes my hart to say Goodby
To eech strong frendship and eech
tie;

I don't mind so much the bookish
Nollidge,

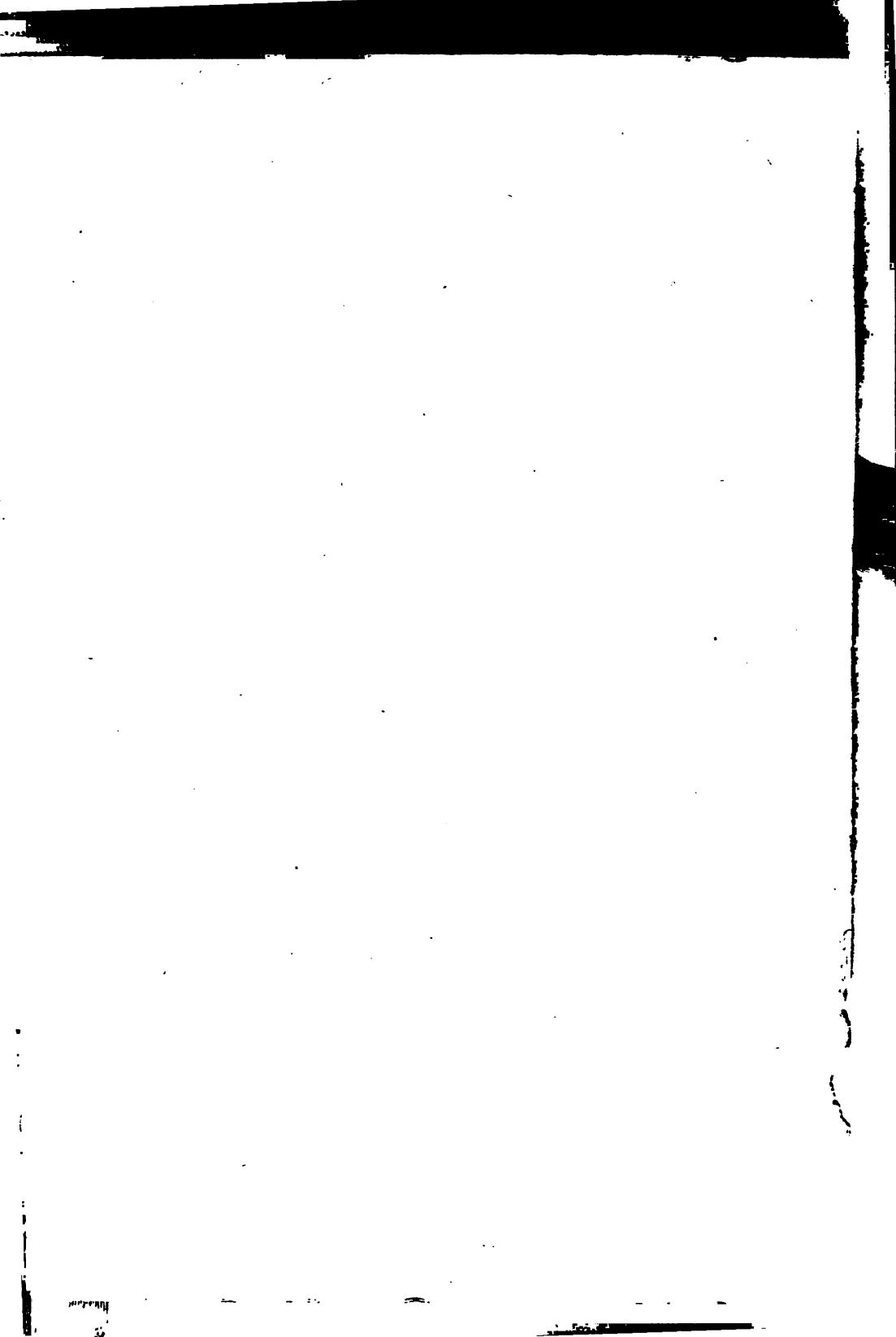
For friends are the big thing here
in kolidge,
Its leaving them that makes me
sore,

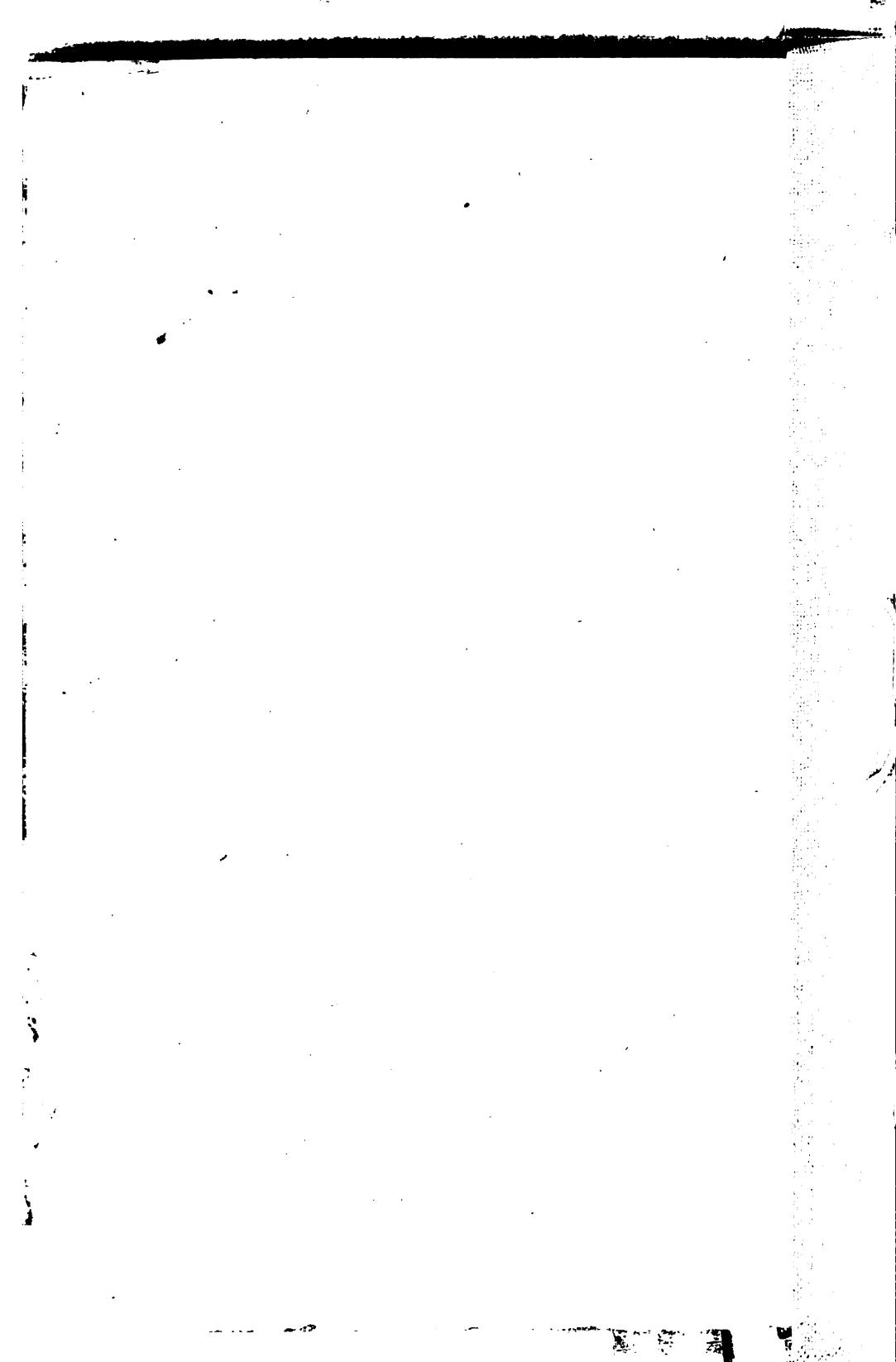
For many wont be here ennymore.
I hope the Kizer's blood iz spilled,
And that none of our Kollidge boys
iz killed,

Goodby, dere folks, I'll see you soon,
Within the passing of a moon,
I want to see you ev'ry wun,
And always am Your Effectonate
Son,

JOHNNIE.







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